did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods, that vvinter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
VVhere our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high estate.

VVell

Well saying ships, and bounte
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke th
So with his sterage, shall your t
To fetch his daughter home, wh
Like moats and shadowes, see t
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile re

Enter Pericles at one doore, with
at the other. Cleon shewes Peri
makes lamentation, puts on sack
parts.

Gower. See how beleefe may
This borrowed passion stands fo
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuou
With sighes shot through, and b
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imb
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut h
He put on sackcloth and to sea h
A tempest which his mortall ves
And yet he rides it out. Now tak
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lie
Who withered in her ſpring of ye
She was of Tyrus the Kings Da
On whom foule death hath made
Marina was ſhe cald, and at her
That is being proud, ſwallowed ſ
Therefore the earth fearing to be
Hath That is birth-childe on the
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſh
Make raging Battrie vpon ſhore

No vizor does become blacke vi
So well as soft and tender flatter
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter
And beare his courses to be orde

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